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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-SIX

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The BOYS™

TWENTY-SIX

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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FELLAS, I'M JUST GOIN' OUT FOR A--

DUDE...!

AAAAAH!!

BLOWCHOWSKIIIII!!!

YOU MOTHERFUCKER--!

NEVER MIND...

DUDE, I'M WIZZIN' ON G-WIZ--!

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IT'S LIKE YOU WERE SAYIN': THE OTHER G-MEN, THE GROWN-UPS, THEY'RE ALL A LOADA--

EEHHHHHHYYYAAAHHHH...

SORRY, HUGHIE, NOT A COMMENT. DIDN'T GET A WINK O' SLEEP.

GOT IN LATE, AN' THEN THERE WAS THIS FUCKIN' CAT OUTSIDE MUSTA BEEN IN HEAT-- 'CAUSE THE **NOISE** THE FUCKIN' THING MADE...!

AYE, RIGHT. SO THEY'RE JUST WANKERS, THEY ALL HATE EACH OTHER. BUT G-WIZ--THEY DON'T JUST *LIKE* EACH OTHER, THEY'RE ACTUALLY *GOOD GUYS*...

COME AGAIN?

I KNOW THEY'RE SUPES, AN' I'M NO' SAYIN' THEY'RE NO' A BIT WEIRD--'CAUSE THEY ARE. BUT HONESTLY, THEY'RE DEAD ON. THEY'RE AS CLOSE WI' EACH OTHER AS THE RESTA THE TEAMS'RE DYSFUNCTIONAL...

SO?

WELL, THE BUGS'RE ALL IN, AN' THE JOB'S DONE, BUT--

I WAS JUST WONDERIN' IF I COULD STAY UNDERCOVER WI' THE WIZ A BIT LONGER. PARTLY OUTTA CURIOSITY, PARTLY TO SEE IF I CAN... I DUNNO, MAYBE TRY AN' HELP THEM AVOID TURNIN' OUT LIKE THE REST...

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WHAT, ARE YOU GONNA *SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES?* JESUS, DON'T EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH A STRIPPER, HUGHIE...!

IT'S NO' LIKE THAT...

ALL I'M TALKIN' ABOUT'S TRYNNA FIND THEM A WAY OUT, STOP THEM BECOMIN' THE SORTA PROBLEM WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH. THEY'RE NO' A LOTTA CUNTS LIKE THE OTHERS, THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GET CHEWED UP IF WE MAKE A MOVE ON GODOLKIN.

LOOK, IT'S MEANT TO BE ABOUT INTELLIGENCE GATHERIN', ISN'T IT? WELL I KNOW I'M NO DETECTIVE--

NAIL ON THE FUCKIN' HEAD THERE, MY SON!

AW, FOR GOD'S SAKE--!

COME ON, YOU KNOW I'M ONLY TAKIN' THE PISS. YOU DONE ALL RIGHT WITH TEK-KNIGHT AN' SWINGWING, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU WANNA FOLLOW YOUR NOSE, YOU FOLLOW IT. BE CAREFUL. AN' JUST REMEMBER ONE THING: NO MATTER HOW NICE YOU THINK THESE LITTLE BLEEDERS ARE--

ONCE A SUPE, ALWAYS A SUPE.

ALL RIGHT?

AYE, RIGHT, DEFINITELY! I'VE GOTTA GO, OKAY?

GOTTA GO...!

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HMH.

KIDS.

AW...!

HI, HANDSOME.

MISS ME?

OI, TERROR.

TERROR, MATE.

FUCK IT...!

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WELCOME, MY G-MEN.

WELCOME TO *BRUNCH.*

WE GOTTA GO NOW part four

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THIS MOST CIVILISED, MOST *PLEASING* OF CULINARY INNOVATIONS...

IRONIC INDEED, THAT WE *PARIAHS*--WE *DWELLERS ON THE OUTSIDE*--SHOULD ADOPT A CUSTOM SO DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF THE SPECIES THAT *DESPISES US*...

HUMANITY.

AND YET, THROUGH *EUROPO'S* SUBLIME EGGS BENEDICT AND THE BLOODY MARY MIX OF *STACKER*, WE--*DAMNED OFFSPRING* OF MAN'S *SCIENTIFIC AFTERBIRTH*--MAY SEIZE THESE PALTRY CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE OF OUR *EMBARASSED STEPFATHERS*...

SEEEECRET RECIPE!

MMF.

HOW CAN YOU HAVE OFFSPRING FROM AN AFTERBIRTH? HOW DOES THAT WORK?

SSSHH...

AND WHAT'S THIS WE SHIT, IS HE ONE OF US NOW, OR SOMETHING?

COME ON, YOU KNOW IT MAKES HIM HAPPY...

RIGHT, BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH TO FUCKING MAKE HIM HAPPY.

...LET US EAT.

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SO ABOUT THE NEW KID.

BAGPIPE?

YEAH.

NOT SO MUCH HIM AS THE FACT THAT THERE IS A NEW KID. ANOTHER G-MAN.

YOU KNOW.

I MEAN HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE NOW? EIGHT OR NINE TEAMS, ABOUT SIX OR SEVEN GUYS PER TEAM?

WITH EACH NEW RECRUIT REDUCING YOUR SHARE OF THE GROSS BY POINT ZERO ZERO ONE OF A PERCENT, YES, I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING...

IT'S NOT THE MONEY. YOU TWO COULD BUY UP EVERY DIAMOND-STUDDED COCK RING ON THE PLANET AND WE'D STILL ALL BE SET FOR--

GONNA...!

CRITTER, ANY TIME YOU WANT TO--

JUST A MINUTE, LOVE, I'M HAVING TROUBLE HEARING HIS BANAL HOMOPHOBIC RAMBLINGS...

GONNA! GONNA! GONNA!

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GON--

GOOD WORK, COCK-JOCKEY, "NO ONE CAN SAY YA AIN'T PARTA TH' TEAM NOW..."

FUCK YOURSELF...

THE MORE NEW TEAMS GET SET UP, THE MORE THE FRANCHISE EXPANDS, THE WORSE ***SECURITY*** GETS. THE MORE CHANCE THERE IS OF SOMEONE...SAYING SOMETHING. ABOUT WHATEVER.

OR, YOU KNOW. VENTING IN SOME OTHER WAY.

I BELIEVE I UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT, CRITTER. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE A SUGGESTION TO ACCOMPANY IT?

JUST--

JESUS, JOHN, ISN'T IT TIME TO SAY ***ENOUGH***...?

WHEN IT COMES TO THE G-MEN, THERE IS SIMPLY NO SUCH WORD.

FOR GOOD OR FOR ILL, MY CHILDREN--

I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO STOP.

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I'VE NEVER DONE IT OUTSIDE BEFORE.

WELL, THERE'S YOUR HORIZONS EXPANDED...

INDEED.

FEEL THAT SUN, IT'S ONLY MARCH...

I KNOW. I THOUGHT WE'D BE GOIN' TO A MOTEL, BUT THIS IS ABOUT A MILLION TIMES NICER.

AYE, MY MOTEL. THAT'S WHAT I MEANT, MY MOTEL.

AREN'T YOU STAYING SOMEWHERE FOR WORK?

HOW'S JAMIE?

HE'S FINE, HE WAS RUNNING IN HIS WHEEL WHEN I STOPPED BY. MISTER...

POTAMUS.

IS DOING A GREAT JOB.

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I WAS JUST THINKIN'-- MMF--

IF YOU NEVER DID IT OUTDOORS BEFORE, WE SHOULD MAYBE THINK ABOUT WHERE ELSE YOU'VE NO' DONE IT. COME UP WI' A WEE LIST, LIKE.

PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF EXPANDING MY HORIZONS...

OH AYE. ALL ABOVE BOARD.

MAKE A LIST AN' TAKE ACTION, THAT'S THE KEY...

I'M NOT SURE IF IT WOULD BE THAT *WEE* A LIST, HUGHIE. IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN.

WERE YOU...

WAS THAT YOUR FIRST TIME, WHEN WE...?

NO.

I WAS WITH SOMEONE. WE WERE IN KIND OF A CHRISTIAN ORGANISATION TOGETHER, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT. AND...WE DIDN'T.

WE TOLD PEOPLE WE DID, BUT WE DIDN'T. IT WAS ONE OF A COUPLE OF LIES WE WERE TELLING AROUND THAT TIME.

LIKE...?

"I LOVE YOU."

IT'S FUNNY, BACK THEN I WAS SO SCARED OF GOD KNOWING WHAT WAS IN MY HEART THAT I COULDN'T ADMIT IT WAS A LIE, NOT EVEN TO MYSELF. I THINK I KNEW, DEEP DOWN, BUT I DIDN'T DARE FACE IT.

NOW GOD'S OUT OF MY LIFE... AND THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME BEING HONEST.

IT WASN'T TRUE. IT WAS AN EXCUSE I USED SO I COULD SEE WHAT SEX WAS LIKE.

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AND A SOFT, FLUFFY BLANKET TO KEEP ME WARM AT NIGHT.

NOW I'M NOT SURE IF I KNOW WHAT LOVE REALLY IS AT ALL. I GUESS THAT'S WHERE RELYING ON LIES GETS YOU.

A FELLA I KNOW...MY BOSS, ACTUALLY...SAYS IT'S TWO PEOPLE FINDIN' EACH OTHER.

HMH.

I LIKE THAT. HE MUST BE QUITE A ROMANTIC.

AYE, WELL.

MIND YOU, WE'VE ONLY BEEN SEEIN' EACH OTHER A FEW WEEKS. SO WE'RE PROBABLY NO' REALLY HAVIN' THIS CONVERSATION, ARE WE?

WHAT CONVERSATION?

THIS ONE?

'COURSE NOT.

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MMRRRAAAOOOOOWWW

MMRRRAAAOOOOOWWW

MMMMEEEEEEERRRRRRAAAAAAAOOOOOOOOWWWWW

MMEEEE--AAAAKK!!

ABOUT BLEEDIN' TIME.

RIGHT, MONKEY. SIX FILES OF SPACKER-PORN, ONE WITH YOUR TAXES, ONE LEFT TO GO.

ME HOPES ARE NOT HIGH...

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST--

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PLEASE GO AWAY.
PLEASE.
MISTER WILHELM, CAN YOU--
NO.
OKAY.
I KNOW IT'S HARD ON YOU, TALKIN' 'BOUT THIS AFTER SO LONG. BUT I GOT NO CHOICE, I GOT TO ASK THESE QUESTIONS.
NOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU MOVIN', SO I'M GUESSIN' YOU STANDIN' RIGHT BY THE DOOR. I'M JUST GONNA TALK, AN' YOU LISTEN IF YOU WANT TO.
INVESTIGATION I'M RUNNIN' HIT A WALL. TRYIN' KIND OF A NEW ANGLE HERE.
I BEEN LOOKIN' AT ANYONE EVER LIVED IN CRANBROOK WENT BY THE NAME *PAUL.* CHECKIN' THE FILES, TRYNNA FIND ANYTHING OUTTA THE ORDINARY THEY MIGHTA DONE, OR MIGHTA HAPPENED TO 'EM.

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...ANGIE, I TOLD YOU *NEVER* TO CALL ME WHEN I'M WORKING...

YOU LIVED HERE YOUR WHOLE LIFE, RIGHT? SO IT AIN'T GONNA COME AS NO SURPRISE, I TELL YOU I GOT NO SLEEP LAST NIGHT AN' STILL CAME UP WITH NOTHIN'...

'TIL I GOT BACK AS FAR AS EIGHTY-TWO, WHEN THE CRANBROOK SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT COME HERE TO INFORM YOU OF THE DEATH OF YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER.

FOUND IN A MOTEL IN TUCSON. CORONER'S REPORT, NOTIFICATION FROM THE LOCAL P.D., ALL THAT.

MISTER WILHELM, CAN YOU TELL ME WHY PAUL WENT ALL THE WAY TO ARIZONA?

CAN YOU TELL ME WHY HE SHOT HIMSELF?

AIN'T GONNA LEAVE, YOU BETTER COME IN.

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THE JOB? GOD. BORIN' AS HELL...

I MEAN I KNOW SHE BURNED IT DOWN, AN' SHE KNOWS I KNOW, BUT THE DAFT OLD BAG WON'T WITHDRAW THE CLAIM. I DUNNO WHEN I'M GONNA GET HOME, THE SHITE SHE KEEPS COMIN' UP WITH.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

SAME OLD, SAME OLD.

I THINK I SEE A FENCE...

I'M TELLIN' YOU, I *WASN'T LOST...!*

HMH!

HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT SUPERHEROES?

OH, SOMEONE LEFT AN *ASSEMBLE!* ON THE TRAIN, I WAS JUST READING BITS OF IT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

C'MON, I'LL GIVE YOU A FOOTIE.

SUPES?

YEAH, I THINK SOME PEOPLE CALL THEM THAT...

NO' MUCH, REALLY. SORTA LIKE CELEBRITIES, AREN'T THEY?

WHY?

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NO NEED.

JINGS...

GYMNASTICS IN HIGH SCHOOL. YOU NEVER QUITE LOSE IT.

SO YOU'VE NO INTEREST IN THEM AT ALL. THE SEVEN, OR, WHAT ARE THEY CALLED, THE PAYBACK?

NAH, NO' REALLY MY THING--

THEY'RE KIND OF HARD TO MISS...

I'VE MANAGED IT--SHIT--

TRAIN STATION'S THATAWAY.

IS IT?

TRUST ME.

SO WHAT WAS IT LIKE BEIN' IN A *CHRISTIAN GROUP?* WAS IT HOLDIN' HANDS AN' PRAYIN', OR WAS IT MORE LIKE A CULT SORTA THING?

HEH...!

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PRAYING. NO HOLDING HANDS.

IT'S FUNNY, I HAVEN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT IN A WHILE. I GUESS IT'S MORE PART OF THE OLD ME.

THE OLD YOU, WAS THAT...?

THE SILLY LITTLE GIRL.

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE SILLY.

I WASN'T ALWAYS. BUT I COULD BE EXTREMELY NAÏVE WHEN I WANTED.

IT GOES BACK TO WHAT I WAS SAYING, ABOUT ADMITTING STUFF TO YOURSELF.

ONE OF THE THINGS ABOUT FINDING OUT WHAT THE WORLD'S REALLY LIKE IS, YOU START TO REALISE THINGS. CONNECT THINGS.

YOU'RE HARDER TO FOOL, BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO FOOL YOURSELF ANYMORE.

AN' WHAT'S THE WORLD REALLY LIKE, THEN?

IT'S... HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.

COLDER.

BUT THERE'S GOOD STUFF IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT.

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I SEE THE BROWN PEOPLE HAVE ARRIVED...

COAST OR STYLE?

STYLE, I THINK. AS EVER, I MUST CONFESS TO SOME DIFFICULTY IN TELLING OUR DUSKY BRETHREN APART.

FFUUUUCK...!

HERE WE GO. MOTHERFUCKER THIS... BEE-YOTCH THAT..."I GOTS TO GIT ME MY--WHATEVER ON"...

LISTEN, JOHN WANTS TO AVOID TROUBLE BETWEEN THE TWO TEAMS, AS FAR AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE. HE SAYS YOU AND I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

HOW?

THROW THEM A BASKETBALL?

OLDIE BUT A GOODIE.

HO HO HO.

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G-STYLE AND G-COAST ARE GOING TO BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS THE ENTIRE TIME THEY'RE HERE, AND THE FUCKING MEMORIAL SERVICE ISN'T EVEN 'TIL MONDAY.

AND WHY *US*, BY THE WAY? WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?

SHOW SOME LEADERSHIP, I GUESS. WE DO RUN THE TWO SENIOR TEAMS.

OH, BONGO-BONGO-BONGO, I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO...

YOU SAW THEM, THEN.

UH-HUH.

BONGO-BONGO-BONGO, I REFUSE TO GO...

HEY, DIVINE, BE A PAL AND OPEN THIS FOR ME, WILL YOU? SPEAKING OF PEOPLE WHO DON'T MIND LIVING UP TO THEIR CARICATURE...

OPEN IT YOURSELF, SOCKFUCKER.

REMIND ME: IS IT YOU OR IS FLAMER THE ONE THAT STANDS AT THE BACK?

KEEP IT UP. PLEASE KEEP IT UP.

MUCH OBLIGED, COLD SNAP...

YOU KNOW, THIS ONE'S NOT THAT COLD. SOME OF THEM HAVEN'T BEEN IN LONG ENOUGH.

HERE--

WHAT THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THAT?

...SHIT.

I GUESS I'VE HAD A COUPLE MORE THAN I THOUGHT.

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THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH FIVE-OH...

WHEN DO G-COAST GET HERE, ANYWAY?

THEY SAID TOMORROW. SAME TIME AS THE BRITS AND THE NOMADS.

OH, AND THERE'S AN E-MAIL FROM VOUGHT, TOO. QUERY ABOUT THAT BAGPIPE KID.

QUERY?

HAVING TROUBLE FINDING HIM IN THE SYSTEM. I E-MAILED THEM BACK, SAID HE'S REAL, HE EXISTS, I SAW HIM.

SECURITY'S PROBABLY GOT A BUG UP THEIR ASS, AFTER THE THING WITH SILVER...

I HEAR A SPECIAL LITTLE THRILL APPROACHING...

YEAH.

OKAY.

RIGHT.

WHAT UP, FIVE-OH!

...HOMIE.

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ALL RIGHT, MATE?

HOW YOU DOIN', THEN.

WARF...

AH, FINE, MATE.

OL' BILLY'S FINE.

OL' BILLY THREW A BIT OF A WOBBLY EARLIER ON. BUT HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

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OL' BILLY MIGHT HAVE TO KILL SOME STUPID CUNT, THAT'S ALL.

next: SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS...WHAT I AM NOW.

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